

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

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MR. HARLEY.

“Here HARLEY embraces the muse’s intent,
And yields the gay minx most extatic content.
He’s a *Dramatic Noun*, that is held undeclinable ;
With a *je ne sçai quoi* that is quite undefinable ;
And a talent, to bandy a quaint turn of thought,
Which defies education, and cannot be bought :
As a rich fascination be borrowed from fate,
Which can’t be engrafted, but must be innate,
Like the zest of a damson that’s pleasantly smart,
And makes the lips smack after eating the tart.”

WHEN original genius cannot be displayed, a mere peculiarity or eccentricity will sometimes obtain as much notice, though its success will perhaps not be so lasting. It is to this eccentricity must be attributed the praise which indif-

ferent actors as well as indifferent writers have now and then gained from the public, and to much of it, Mr. HARLEY, (although far be it from us to call him an indifferent actor) is considerably indebted for his present popularity. A hastiness and restlessness of action, a singular rapidity of utterance, and a general boldness and confidence of manners, constitute the great effect of this actor's performance; add to these his "laughing smiling face," which appears determined to put to flight all opposition from "dull care" render him a right-down favourite with the public, and a most successful personator of all characters of a comic nature—he is apparently always so pleased with himself, and so bent upon pleasing others, that there is indeed no other actor who can procure so much applause for characters and speeches intrinsically wretched. His face, which has a rich comic expression, is a passport to our favour and our smiles, and his features possess a flexibility which enables him readily to adapt them to every possible sentiment or situation. Like *Prince Hal*, he has a villainous hanging of the nether lip, but that serves only to heighten the humorous character of his countenance; and upon the whole, there is no one who has more personal qualities for the stage than HARLEY. His pliancy of limb, for he is like the perpetual motion, has often stood him in good stead in his personation of many of those characters which have been allotted to him, requiring little more in the representation than a caricature of extravagant manner and absurdities of costume; yet we much fear that his success in such parts has been, in some degree, detrimental to his reputation; and that many superficial observers have hence formed a hasty judgment of his general abilities, and believed him capable of nothing better. This, however, is undoubtedly an error which deserves correction. He certainly is capable of doing the most perfect justice to every character he undertakes—and we have always remarked, the more natural and prominent the part, the more finished and satisfactory proves his performance of it. In short, they who style HARLEY simply a caricaturist, or a mere imitator of FAWCETT, BANNISTER, and others, err as ridiculously as the dullards who term MATHEWS a mere mimic. The imputation is just as much merited in one case as in the other; and while we pronounce

that MATHEWS is a masterly performer, Mr. HARLEY cannot be denied to be as excellent and as natural a comic actor as the stage possesses. This will at once be admitted by those who have attentively marked his progress. Great comic powers may easily be recognized, although they may sometimes degenerate into broad farce; but nature and the true genius of acting are so amalgamated, that as long as a particle of the latter remains, it will be found to contain something of the former. Such a genius injured by farce, is like gold in the hands of the beater: however gaudy and glaring its effect may become, it is still brilliant; however its massiveness may be attenuated into a mere superficiality, it is the remnant of a noble metal. So is it with Mr. HARLEY. He may perhaps now and then descend into a little flippancy, but his powers which are of sterling value, soon shine forth from the obscurity, and evidently shew that he does not mistake breadth for solidity, or buffoonery for true comic humour and drollery. He has established himself firmly in the high opinion of all discriminating and impartial observers, by the united efforts of talent and industry; nor can any thing dislodge him from this advantageous situation but his own carelessness; which is little to be apprehended, since we are assured that he has an ardent love for his profession; and that when not actually engaged in it himself, he is generally occupied in studying the performances of the best models, and deriving improvement from their example.

JOHN PRITT HARLEY is the son of a reputable draper and mercer of London, in which city he was born, in the month of February, 1790. At an early age he was placed with Mr. CAMPBELL, an eminent surgeon and apothecary of Coventry Street; but the death of his father caused an alteration in his pursuits; and he resigned the practice of physic, to study that of the law in the office of Messrs. WINDUS and HOLTAWAY, of Chancery Lane. While in this situation, he became acquainted with some amateur performers, who exhibited at the old Lyceum Theatre, and other places; and having made a few essays as an actor, he was so delighted with the applause he received, and became of course so convinced that he was destined to rise to eminence, that he began seriously to think of the stage as a

profession. Accordingly in 1807, he *cut* the dull monotony of a lawyer's office; and having obtained a situation in Mrs. BAKER's company, he made his *debut* at Canterbury, in July of that year. He however had no characters of importance allotted to him, and he therefore transferred his services to Mr. TROTTER, manager of the Brighton, Worthing, and Gravesend Theatres. At the latter place he appeared in April, 1808, as *Doctor Ollapod*, and retained the situation of principal comic performer, till February, 1813, when a vacancy in the York company presented him with an opportunity of stepping into the shoes of his predecessors, FAWCETT, MATHEWS, EMERY, and KNIGHT. He made his first bow to a York audience on the 8th of March, 1813, as *Ludovico*, in the "*Peasant Boy*," and continued to acquire both fame and profit till the summer of 1814, when Mr. JOHN WILKINSON, the patentee, retired from public life. Upon this, he returned to his old manager at Brighton; and while performing there, was engaged by Mr. ARNOLD for the Lyceum, at which house he appeared on the 15th of July, 1815, as *Marcelli*, in the "*Devil's Bridge*." He soon became a decided favourite with the town, and was speedily secured for Drury Lane, commencing his performances there on the 15th of September, 1815, as *Lissardo*, in the "*Wonder*." He has ever since remained in London, playing alternately at Drury Lane and the English Opera, and advancing every year in cleverness and popularity.

MR. KEAN.

[Resumed from Page 9.]

"I must once in a month recount what thou hast been."

TEMPEST.

KEAN's *penchant* for the stage was much encouraged by Miss TIDSWELL, who gave him letters of recommendation to the manager of a small theatre in Yorkshire, at which place he played under the name of CAREY, and although

only in his thirteenth year, was much applauded in the characters of *Hamlet*, *Cato*, and *Lord Hastings*. But that which raised his hopes of future fame to a decisive elevation was the admiration manifested by royalty, when he recited at Windsor *Satan's Address to the Sun*, and the first soliloquy of *Richard III.*; he was also fortunate enough to attract the notice of Dr. DRURY, who, in consequence, (it is said) sent him to Eton school, where he remained three years. (1) At the end of this period, he returned to his theatrical occupations under his old name of CAREY, and obtained an engagement at Birmingham, where he played *Hamlet* successfully, but not with that approbation which followed his earlier efforts. He was, however, fortunate enough to please the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, who engaged him to perform on his stage for twenty nights, on twelve of which successively he played *Hamlet* to crowded houses. He was at this time about sixteen years of age, and was perfect in fourteen or fifteen characters. His next appearance was at Sheerness, where he sometimes played in the higher walks of comedy. The idle stories which have been related of him during this and a subsequent period of his life, we shall not insult our readers by repeating; they are most of them evident fabrications, (or if truths, not worthy the attention of a biographer) and as we are not able to distinguish facts from falsehood, the surest way we can do is to reject the whole. That he underwent the hardships and privations of a stroller's life, in all their severity, is however well known; and this must render his present state of affluence doubly grateful by comparison. Leaving Sheerness, he successively made his appearance at

(1) It is said that in this short time he became thoroughly acquainted with VIRGIL, CICERO, and SALLUST, a statement that is scarcely credible. Three years would hardly be sufficient to allow a boy to travel from the rudiments of the Latin grammar, to a perfect knowledge of the first compositions of Roman literature; nor, if the pupil had the genius, would the regulations of any school allow such a progress; a boy can only outstep his class at stated intervals, unless the rules of Eton differ from the rules of other scholastic establishments.

Seven-oaks, (1) Swansea, (2) and Waterford, at which latter place he got married. This union brought with it no increase of fortune, and our hero was obliged to earn his din-

(1) It has been stated as a fact, that in the year 1806, he was performing at the Haymarket Theatre characters the most trivial and insignificant; and the following appeared in several publications as a correct list of his performances. If true, it is a curious document, but we can scarcely depend on its authenticity.

<i>Gontherd</i>	Mountaineers.
<i>John</i>	Heir at Law.
<i>Alcade</i>	Spanish Barber.
<i>Servant</i> }	Speed the Plough.
<i>Fidler</i> }	
<i>Fifer</i>	Battle of Hexham.
<i>Servant</i>	John Bull.
<i>Planter</i>	Inkle and Yarico.
<i>Warner</i>	Poor Gentleman.
<i>Servant</i>	Iron Chest.
<i>Alguazil</i>	She would and she would not.
<i>Rosencrantz</i>	Hamlet.
<i>Trojan</i>	Clandestine Marriage.
<i>Peter</i>	Dramatist.
<i>Do.</i>	Five Miles Off.
<i>Carney</i>	Ways and Means.
<i>Piero</i>	Tale of Mystery.
<i>Dubbs</i>	Review.
<i>Waiter</i>	Mrs. Wiggins.
<i>Do.</i>	Gay Deceivers.
<i>Thomas</i>	Modern Antiques.
<i>Nicolas</i>	Sighs ; or, the Daughters.
<i>Man of the House</i>	Son-in-Law.
<i>Landlord</i>	Prisoner at Large.
<i>Thomas</i>	Agreeable Surprize.
<i>Clown</i>	Fortune's Frolic.

(2) In the *Provincial Correspondence* of the "*Cabinet*" of August, 1809, is a curious article from Swansea, in which the name of our hero frequently occurs. The performance of "*Catherine and Petruchio*," on the 23rd of June is noticed: *Petruchio*, by KEAN. On the 25th, a ballet "got up

ner before it could be eaten. For two years, he remained in CHERRY'S company, which he then left for Weymouth; and Weymouth he again deserted for Exeter.⁽¹⁾ In this latter city he became a universal favourite, but a dispute with the manager drove him from this retreat to seek his fortune on the Guernsey stage. From a strange perversion of taste, the Guernsey auditors not only did not admire, but actually despised KEAN'S talent. One of their critics was even impudent and ignorant enough to fulminate his decrees against him in print; it is a curious document, when coupled with the present high reputation of the modern ROSCIUS, and ought to be recorded; it was as follows:—

“Last night a young man, whose name the bills said was KEAN, made his first appearance in *Hamlet*, and truly his performance of that character made us wish that we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it, and playing all the other characters. This person had, we understand, a high character in several parts of England, and his vanity has repeatedly prompted him to endeavour to procure an engagement at one of the theatres in the metropolis; the difficulties he has met with have, however, proved insurmountable, and the theatres of Drury Lane

by KEAN,” called “*The Savages*,” was produced; and he played *Captain Faulkner* in the “*Way to get Married*.” On the 28th, “*The Savages*” was repeated, and KEAN personated *Osmond* in the “*Castle Spectre*.” On the 5th of July, he is noticed as having played *Rolla*, and Mrs. KEAN *Cora*, her first appearance. On the 10th, (when the performances must have terminated about four in the morning) “*The Exile*”—“*Two Strings to your Bow*”—“*Raising the Wind*”—and “*My Grandmother*,” were represented, in the first of which KEAN was the *Daran*. Throughout this letter, not a word is said in praise of his performances. How little did the writer then suspect, that ere the lapse of five years, the island would ring from one extremity to the other with the fame of the man he had thus slightly noticed!

(1) It appears, that KEAN was the compiler of many little pieces in the companies he belonged to. In 1811, he produced for his own benefit, at Carlisle, a melo-drama, called “*The Cottage Foundling*.”

and Covent Garden have spared themselves the disgrace to which they would be subject, by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable, if there was nothing to render him ridiculous but one of the vilest figures that has been seen either on or off the stage ; and if his mind was half so well qualified for the conception of *Richard the Third*, which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which the tyrant is said to have been distinguished from his brothers, his success would be most unequivocal. As to his *Hamlet*, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which SHAKSPEARE has ever been subject. Without grace or dignity he comes forward ; he shews an *unconsciousness* that *any body* is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience, that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes where contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of shewing his abstractedness from all ordinary objects ! (1) His voice is harsh and monotonous, but as it is deep, answers well enough the idea he entertains of impressing terror by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel-house."

They who are accustomed to the London newspapers, and know what influence they possess over the public mind, will be well aware that such criticism was enough to ruin the youthful candidate. Those to whom it was addressed, were willing to be convinced ; and KEAN had too little prudence as well as too much spirit, to bow before the coming tempest : accordingly, when he first appeared in *Richard*, he was greeted with laughter and hisses, even in the first scene ; for some time his patience was proof against the worst efforts of malignity, till at last, irritated by continued opposition, he applied the words of the scene to his auditors, and boldly addressed the pit, with

(1) Our readers we think cannot peruse the above curious article without astonishment. That which has always been considered as a criterion of good acting is here urged as a plea for condemnation of the performer. We have heard it often remarked, that an actor should consider himself when on the stage as in a room, of which the audience merely compose the fourth side.

"Unmannered DOGS, stand ye when *I* command!"

The clamour of course increased, and only paused a moment in expectation of an apology. In this, however, they were deceived; so far from attempting to soothe their wounded pride, KEAN came forward and told them "*that the only proof of understanding they had ever given, was their proper application of the few words he had just uttered.*" The manager now thought proper to interfere, and the part of *Richard* was given to a man of less ability, but in higher favour with the brutal audience.

Not satisfied with having driven him from the stage, and thereby reduced him and his family to a state near starving, the Guernsey editors persisted in their attacks till they had compelled him to quit the town for a dwelling in the outskirts. Every hour increased his distress, and the pride of his enemies, who were determined to bring him to unconditional submission. But here again they were deceived; some strangers who had seen and admired KEAN, at Weymouth, now happened to be upon the island, and hearing of his situation, successfully endeavoured to interest Governor DOYLE in his behalf. To this powerful patron, KEAN owned his distress; and the Governor, warily embracing his cause, immediately offered to become responsible for his debts, which debts were indeed trifling, for they did not exceed twenty pounds. Still this kindness was not without its evils; while it satisfied his creditors for debts already contracted, it made them cautious not to give future trust to a man who seemed lost to his profession; the landlord, the butcher, and the baker, hinted to him the propriety of removing to the neighbourhood of his benefactor, a hint that he was not slow to take; for independent of necessity, he began to be inspired with the martial fervour. His ambition, indeed, was of a modest kind, for he aspired to one degree only above the rank of a common soldier, and this favour was readily promised on his first application, though at the same time, the Governor fairly pointed out to him the little prospect there was of being able to support a family on the pay of a subaltern. To this KEAN replied, "*that he was aware of the weight of such an objection, but his wife had often been obliged to eat of theameleon's dish, and the inconveniences likely to occur in the new character,*"

could not possibly amount to a total denial of comforts, for what family could starve upon four and nine-pence a day ? As to his children, one of them was certainly an infant, but the other was two years old, and had already made a considerable advance in the business of the stage, and could support his brother, till that brother was able to act for himself." The mention of this child, and his singular abilities, gave a new turn to the whole affair ; the Governor expressed a wish to see the youthful genius, and found upon trial, that the natural prejudice of a father had not exaggerated ; he became in consequence a still warmer admirer of KEAN, to whose instruction the child's skill was to be attributed ; and in the fervour of the moment requested him to recite some favourite scene. In compliance with this request, KEAN chose that part of *Othello*, wherein *Iago* speaks of the handkerchief. His delineation of the two characters was so brilliant as to make the Governor withdraw his promise of military patronage, for a reason no less honourable to the critical acuteness of the patron, than just to the genius of his client ; to draw such talent from its proper sphere would have been a crime, and accordingly while he withdrew his first promise, he very readily offered to assist him in his profession.

The patronage of the Governor relieved KEAN in a great measure from the persecution of his enemies. He was no longer the Cain of society ; still it could not make him popular, nor could he procure enough by his benefit to discharge his friendly debt, and pay his passage to England. In this emergency, he gave out bills announcing the appearance of his infant son in a new pantomime ; an announcement which spoke more for his own knowledge of the world than for the taste or good sense of the Guernsey public ; a child must at best be a bad imitator of manhood, and the original must always be preferable to the copy. Admirable as this scheme certainly was, he did not think proper to rely on it alone for success. The acquittal of the PRINCESS of WALES was the topic of the day, and taking advantage of this, he privately circulated a report that Lady DOUGLAS, a material agent in the trial, was not only in Guernsey, but was to be present at his benefit. His theatre, a room in a public house, was consequently crowded to excess, not to witness the exertions of genius, but to gratify a foolish curiosity.

KEAN, in fact, was the only object in the room who was utterly neglected; every eye was engaged in anxious waiting of those around, in hopes of discovering the renowned Lady DOUGLAS. When expectation was at the highest, the seats which had been but slightly erected, suddenly gave way, and the spectators came somewhat roughly to the ground. No serious accident, however, occurred, and the activity of our hero soon prepared another room for the general accommodation. Governor DOYLE was so much pleased with the talents of the child, that he would have taken it and educated it himself—but KEAN, who had now got money enough for his present purpose, declined the offer, though he felt grateful for the kindness implied in it, and he determined to return to Weymouth. When he arrived there, he found the company performing to empty benches, and was earnestly solicited by the distressed manager to resume his old situation. This he peremptorily refused; the bad conduct of the manager towards him when at Guernsey, was of too recent a date to be easily forgiven; it should seem, indeed, as if he had stopped at Weymouth for no other purpose than to be solicited that he might refuse, and thus shew his feeling of the treatment he had experienced. Better offers too were held out to him, and he accepted successive engagements at Taunton and Dorchester. From this time fortune's smiles followed him.

[*To be Resumed.*]

THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. XI.

BY J. W. DALBY.

*AUGUSTUS AND AMELIA; OR, THE VICTIMS
OF A PARENT'S AVARICE.*

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Augustus. (Alone.) Had it been mine to follow in the track

Of mean dependance, doomed to wait upon
 The smiles and frowns of some tyrannic master,
 Whose will must be my law ; to flatter well
 That which my heart detested, or to starve ;
 To bear the burthens of mean servitude—
 To know my life's law in one word—obey !
 My hands, my voice, nay, ev'n my looks enslaved ;—
 Why, *this* I could have borne, have meekly borne,
 And uncomplainingly, had my hopes ne'er
 Been taught to soar beyond my lowly lot ;
 If o'er my cradle fortune had not smiled,
 And bade my infant eyes awake to see
 Splendour, and scenes of luxury, which taught
 My childhood to indulge its airy dreams
 And lofty aspirations. It is this
 Which doubles all my sufferings. Education,
 Connexions, general pursuits, and all
 Which shews, and makes, and stamps *the gentleman*,
 Unfit me for a life of poverty,
 Of meannesses and shifts ; of guards and checks,
 Of fears and of dishonour !—Gracious God !
 Why was I doomed to suffer this ? to be
 Born in the midst of affluence, yet want
 Almost wherewith to answer natural calls ?
 Why was my father rich—why must he still
 Be wallowing in wealth, while I, his son,
 His heir, am pennyless ? and when I sue,
 Checking my indignation, in a tone
 And manner the most humble, must I meet
 For ever harsh reproaches—cold denials,
 And treatment such as almost makes my tongue
 Cleave to my mouth when I would call him ' Father !'
 Amelia, too—and she must suffer still,
 No hand to save or aid her ! But my sister—
 Aye, that's the thorn which rankles in my heart,
 Which maddens and corrodes it—which must now—

Enter DARLEY.

Darley. How now, Augustus, melancholy still !—
 Musing and moping like my cat at home,

Whose brood was drowned this morning. On my soul,
This will not do!—Why, I remember thee
The merriest of the merry; not a man
In our society who better knew
To mock old care, and pluck him by the beard
In very sport;—the first of revellers,
Whose forehead wore no wrinkle, and whose lips
Seemed only made for smiles. Can I forget
When Harry Evelyn brought old Middleton,
That laughter-hating miser to our hall,
And when his formal bowing, and his '*hopes,*'
(Drawled out in language most delectable)
'*That he did not intrude,*' were done at last,
How Harry placed him next to thee, and stood
Enjoying the fine contrast; how at length
Thou didst arise with mimic dignity
And gravity well-feigned, and in a speech
None but thyself could make, didst welcome him
To our right joyous conclave, didst propose
Just to initiate him, and called'st aloud
In tone, which made him tremble in his seat,
"Boy, heat the irons well, and melt the lead,
And then undress our brother Middleton!"
And how, thy summons ended, he arose,
And leaping over tables, heads, and chairs,
Breaking our glasses, threatening our necks,
Not stopping for the door, rushed through the window,
Too happy in escaping with a fall.
And are these freaks forgotten?—must we now
Look 'round for thee in vain, when we assemble
To seek for merriment?—The midnight hour
Which thou didst once enliven, now is dull,
And cold, and cheerless; and when it arrives
We part.—O, it was very different erst
When thou didst sanctify it with thy song,
Lighten it with thy wit, and lift thy glass
In honour of its presence—but, by Jove!
My eloquence has tired me, and it seems
Has been employed in vain; for thou art still
Dreaming of something dreadful, and thine eyes
Are fixed upon the ground:—well, I must go,

Lest thy disease infect me. Fare thee well—
I'll call again.

[Exit.

Augustus. Be it to-morrow, DARLEY.

[To be resumed.]

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA. TO "THE DRAMA."

BEING NOTES FOR THE EDITOR AND HIS READERS.

LEAF THE FIRST.

MR. DRAMA,

UNDER the above title, I purpose forwarding you every month some observations and cursory remarks on various articles in your incomparable Magazine, which I have been in the habit of making merely for my own amusement ;—however, as my collections have swelled to something more lengthy than was at first my intention they should do, I should wish to have a "local habitation and a name" given to them in "*The Drama* ;" if you think them worthy so high an honour. Those now sent are specimens of the whole.

Yours, respectfully,

June 1, 1822.

G. CREED.

Price of Plays, Vol. I. 13.] It appears, that JACOB TONSON got OTWAY'S "*Venice Preserved*" for the paltry sum of £15. What would such a tragedy now produce ? In the case of Mr. MATURIN'S "*Bertram*,"—Mr. MURRAY, the celebrated bookseller of Albemarle-street, gave three hundred and fifty guineas for the copy-right ; and on a still more recent occasion, a spirited young bookseller, of Bond-street, (a Mr. WARREN) gave a similar sum for the proprietary of Mr. PROCTOR'S (BARRY CORNWALL'S) "*Mirandola* ;" this, too, with the chance of its failure at the theatre.(1)

(1) As being somewhat connected with this subject, I may remark. that the great Scottish novelist, as it is reported, netted £100,000 by his works, which he has re-

OTWAY'S "*Orphan*," p.23.]—GLANVILLE has committed an oversight with respect to the character of *Antonio*, the senator; there is no such personage in the "*Orphan*." He is to be found in "*Venice Preserved*."

"*Nosey*," p. 68.]—Of this personage I may mention, that in the season of 1753, he was engaged in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre as a performer on the Violincello, and from the unusual prominence of his nasal feature, formed a continual subject of mirth to the visitors of the galleries. Even to this day, the epithet of "*Nosey*" is frequently applied to the musicians in the theatres. FOOTE, in one of his Prologues, makes allusion to the circumstance in the following lines :—

"Have you not roared from pit, to upper rows,
And all the jest was—what?—a fiddler's nose!
Pursue your mirth; each night the joke grows stronger,
For as you fret the man, his nose looks longer."

A laughable anecdote is related of this musician and GARRICK. When Roscius returned from Italy, he prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered on the first night of his performance; when he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finishing with a huzza. When this unprecedented applause had nearly subsided, he used every art to lull the tumult into a profound silence, and just as all was hushed as death, and anxious expectation sat on every face, "*Nosey*" anticipated the first line of the address by yaw!—aw!—a most tremendous yawn; a convulsion of laughter ensued, and it was then some minutes before the wished-for silence could be again restored. That, however, obtained, GARRICK delivered his address with his wonted fascination of manner, and retired with applause, such as was never better given or deserved;—but the matter did not rest here,—the moment he came off the stage, he flew like the lightning's flash to the music room, where collaring the astonished

ceived from ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE and Co. of Edinburgh. The publishers of "*Lalla Rookh*," gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem, and it seems they have had no reason to repent of their purchase.

"Nosey," he began to abuse him most vociferously—"Wha why!—you old scoundrel!—you must be the most infernal—" At length poor CERVETTI exclaimed "Oh, Mistera GARRICK!—vat is de matter?—vat I haf do?—Oh! God, vat is it?"—"The matter! why you old, d—d eternal senseless idiot, with no more brains than your cursed bass-viol,—just at the—a—very moment I had played with the audience, tickled them like a trout, and brought them to the most accommodating silence, as pat to my purpose, so perfect, that it was, as one may say, a companion for MILTON's visible darkness,—just at that critical moment, did not you with your d—d jaws stretched wide enough to swallow a peck-loaf, yaw, yawn, and be cursed to you?—Oh! I wish from my soul you had never shut your brown jaws again!"—"Sare, Mistera GARRICK,—sare,—only if you please hear me von vord,—it is always the vay, it is indeed, Mistera GARRICK—always, the vay I go ven I haf the *greatest rapture*, Mistera GARRICK." CERVETTI's flattery subdued GARRICK's anger, and the supposed offence vanished with the instant.

SHERIDAN'S "*Critic*," p. 69] It has been also said, SHERIDAN intended to ridicule the dying words of *Hotspur*, in "*Henry IV.*" Act V. Scene IV.

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth,
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thought's the slave of life, and lifetime's fool,
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust
And food for—

(Dies.)

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy :
Fare thee well, great heart, &c. &c.

It may be also probable he had in his recollection a scene in FIELDING'S "*Eurydice Hissed*," printed at the end of the "*Historical Register*," 1741. *Pillage*, one of the characters, falls intoxicated on the stage, exclaiming:—

“———now my brain’s on fire !
My staggering senses dance, and I am——”

Honestus. “——Drunk !—

That word, he would have said, that ends the verse ;
Farewell a twelve hour’s nap, compose thy senses,
May mankind profit by thy sad example,
May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,
And no man dare to make a simple farce.”

To this wish I conceive every one will most fervently re-join “Amen.”

Another imitation of the foregoing passage is to be met with in RHODES’S amusing trifle of “*Bombastes Furioso.*” *Artaxominous* is slain by *Bombastes*, and exclaims as he falls—

“———Oh ! my *Bom*———

“——*Bastes* he would have said,” replies the other.

ADDISON’S “*Cato*,” p. 132.] This burlesque was a really humorous one, but notwithstanding, the piece was damned the second night, and a notice was given to the players that their house should be shut up if they attempted a repetition of such buffoonery.

BARNARD LINTOT, p. 132.] There is a whimsical anecdote related of this bookseller, and TONSON his rival. They were both candidates for printing a work of Dr. YOUNG’S. The poet answered both letters the same morning, but unfortunately misdirected them. In these epistles, he complained of the rascally cupidity of each. There he told TONSON, that LINTOT was so great a scoundrel, that printing with him was out of the question, and writing to the latter decided that TONSON was an old rascal, but, &c. and then makes his election in his favour.

NAT LEE, p. 135. The story of MOHUN and LEE, is related by CIBBER. It is singular that this author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself, should have quitted the stage “in an honest despair of ever making any profitable figure there.” The part which LEE attempted and failed in, was Sir W.D’AVENANT’S alteration of “*Macbeth*,” as related in a curious article by DRAMATICUS, in p. 227.

On the merit of Actors, p. 219.] I cannot pass this article without stating, that many of the assertions which it contains appear to me not only to be extravagant but fallacious. That independence of talent, for which the framer of this essay so originally contends, is to me one of the most monstrous propositions that has ever been broached, because it not only deprives the poet of his brightest attribute, but reduces the comedian to a lower level than any upon which the grossest vilifiers of the stage could attempt to place them.

FOOTE'S "*Nabob*," p. 170 General SMITH, who died suddenly in July, 1803, was the person FOOTE introduced into this comedy under the name of *Sir Matthew Mite*. The General was in early life, a *cheesemonger*, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, but abandoned that calling to try his fortune in India, where he acquired considerable wealth. FOOTE, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, (even in his earliest days) had got the knack of imitating the General in the shrug of his shoulder, the lisping of his speech, and some other things for which he was remarkable, until it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, "*Come, SAM, let us have the General's company.*" The General sent for FOOTE:—"Sir, (says he) *I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule.*" "*Oh! Lord,*" (says FOOTE, with great pleasantry) "*I take all my acquaintance off at times—and what is more wonderful, I often take myself off.*" "*Gad so,* (says the other) *pray let us have a specimen.*" FOOTE, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, retreated accordingly out of the house without uttering a syllable.

All the World's a Stage, p. 315.] On this subject I have picked up some ancient lines, penned in 1612: who the author was, I cannot at present learn.

What is our life? a play of passion,
Our mirth, the music of division;
Our mother's wombs the trying houses be,
Where we are dress'd for this short comedy;
While thercon prying the spectator is,
That sits and mocks still who doth act amiss;

Our *graves* that hide us from the searching sun,
 Are like *drawn curtains*, when the *play is done* ;
 Thus march we *playing* to our latest rest,
 Only we die in earnest—that's no jest.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ Long has the *STAGE* determined, to impart
 Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
 Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,
 Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray ;
 With elevation now, the altered muse
 That praise rejects, which virtue should refuse :
 Licentious follies rarely intervene,
 And *truth*, and *sense*, and *honour*, claim the scene !

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

June 14th.—Guy Mannering—Bombastes Furioso—Roland for an Oliver.—[Benefit of Mr. BLANCHARD.]

15.—Beaux Stratagem—Rosina.—17. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Aladdin.—18. Othello—Forty Thieves.—[Benefit of Miss FOOTE.]—19. Cymbeline—Brother and Sister.—[Benefit of Miss M. TREE.]—20. Comedy of Errors—Aladdin.—21. Rivals—Padlock.—22. Rob Roy—Raising the Wind.—24. Cymbeline—Forty Thieves.—25. Guy Mannering—Day after the Wedding—Too late for Dinner.—[Benefit of Mr. J. ISAACS and CLAREMONT.]—26. Iron Chest—Libertine.—[Benefit of Mr. BRANDON.]—27. Montrose—Barber of Seville.—[Benefit of Mr. C. TAYLOR.]—28. Beggar's Opera—Husbands and Wives—John of Paris.—[Benefit of Mr. ABBOTT.]—29th. Antiquary—Forty Thieves.—[Benefit of Mr. WARE.]—This evening the theatre closed upon the whole a rather successful season—although not quite so lucrative a one as to warrant the assertions made by Mr. FAWCETT, when delivering the following address :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The period of our closing being arrived, in compliance with long established custom, I present myself to pay the usual tribute of respect on leave-taking; but before I make my obeisance, it may not be ill-timed to remark, that the change which has recently taken place in the direction of this theatre has necessarily created difficulties, which, however perplexing they may have been to the proprietors, they trust have in no degree diminished the stock of amusement, which it was their duty, as well as inclination, to provide for the public. They are conscious that neither exertion nor expense on their part has been spared, and their best reward will be to know, that you their liberal patrons, will give them credit for it.

"During the recess, it will be their unremitting endeavour to procure for the ensuing season novelties of every description; which, chequered by the revival of some of our best considered pieces, supported by the combined talent of the company, will I trust, enable them to maintain Covent Garden Theatre the first in *desert*, as they feel proud to say, it already is the first in *favor* with the British public.

"Through me, their stage-manager, Ladies and Gentlemen, the proprietors thank you for a good season, the performers for your favour and indulgence, and with the grateful acknowledgments of all, until the 1st of October, I most respectfully bid you farewell."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

We promised in our last to present our readers with a full account of this theatre, we hasten to fulfil our promise—and first as to the alterations—the greatest improvement has been effected by the removal of the *tympanum*, or sounding board, and the carrying a cornice round in its place—it really does not look like the same building; it has now become an elegant drawing-room, light, cheerful, and elegant, and something in the French taste, both as to form and decoration. Those who are the advocates for small theatres, have now a fair opportunity of indulging their fancy, or rectifying their judgment; at Covent Garden or

Drury Lane, they might see all the advantages of a large stage, and here is a small stage it all its glory; the question, therefore, may be set at rest by the best of guides—experience. The proscenium has been also re-touched, we understand, by Mr. MARINARI'S hand—the seats of the boxes have been more conveniently placed, and certainly, the satisfaction and comfort of the audience have been fully attended to. Secondly, as to the novelties and first appearances, these will be found recorded in our regular diary, as follows:—

June 15.—BILL OF FARE; or, *For Further Particulars Enquire Within*.—This little piece kept the audience in one continued round of laughter. The plot was well seasoned with puns—with equivoques—with compliments of all kinds to the public—to the house—to the actors—and a gentle hit now and then at periodicals, for whom our laughing friend appears to entertain no great affection. The story is this:—*Solomon Strutt*, [TERRY] a provincial manager, a very TATE WILKINSON, has advertized for performers under the initials of S. S. and *Samuel Stingo*, [Mr. OXBERRY] a provincial innkeeper, had advertized at the same time under the same initials, for servants for his new inn. They put up at the same house, kept by one *Hoaxley*, [JOHNSON] a wag, who sends the out-of-place waiters and chambermaids to the manager, while *Stingo*, who has no relish for theatricals, is worried by a troop of players, who “appear like shadows” before him in all the fantastical shapes which they have assumed, in consequence of *Solomon* having in his advertisement requested the actors to come in the costume of their parts. The consequence of this will easily be seen—innumerable mistakes of words and actions ensue, The country beer-drawer is beset by an actress of all-work, [Mrs. CHATTERLEY] and others, whilst the rural mountebank is bored with a fellow as broad as he is long, who offers himself as a “second COOK [E]” which the poor manager interprets into an equal of the far-famed GEORGE FREDERICK! In the course of these scenes, the eccentricities of the parties engaged in the theatre are whimsically displayed, and the *Bill of Fare* thus disclosed, “*further particulars*” are reserved for a future occasion. The piece was extremely well acted, and introduced Mr. W. WEST, and a Mr. LEE,

(from Dublin)—it is full of humour and right merry conceit, is altogether a sprightly trifle, and well merited the shouts of laughter and approbation which were bestowed on it.

17.—A Miss GRANVILLE, (pupil of Mr. D. CORRI) made her first appearance on any stage, as *Polly*, in the "*Beggar's Opera*." Her reception was highly flattering. She is a sprightly girl, with a very tolerable voice, and gave the airs of the character with great simplicity, and was frequently *encored*. She has since repeated the part with increased success. The *Captain Macheath* of Madame VESTRIS, was in her usual style of talent. But we much regret to see a lady perform this part. There are some male characters which from their romantic and softer colouring, may be represented by a woman: but *Macheath* is not one of them; he is a bold, dashing *highwayman*, the gentleman of *low life*, one who has a spice of a gallantry in his ruffianism, and of ruffianism in his gallantry. His love is the coarsest profligacy, only carried off by the gaiety of overflowing spirits. A woman, in undertaking such a part, has to choose one of two evils: she must either play it as it ought to be, in which case she will infallibly be disgusting, or she must soften it down into a sprightly, but romantic lover, which while it renders her interesting, presents a very different portrait from that intended by the author. Now Madame VESTRIS chose, and wisely, the latter alternative; she threw all her natural witchery of voice and manner into the part, and as Madame V. was delightful, but she was as little like *Macheath* as a rose is like a thistle; and we do think that decency is utterly violated by a woman playing the parts of coarse and brutal libertines; not all the sweetness of VESTRIS, her magic grace, her delicious smile, her soft melting tones—no, nor all the witchery of her eyes, will ever persuade us to the contrary.

19.—*The Suicide*.—This comedy is from the pen of the elder COLMAN, and was brought out at the theatre in 1778. The author of the "*Biographica Dramatica*" truly observes, that "the author of this piece might be considered as one of the best judges of stage writing of any dramatist of his time. Although none of the characters can be spoken of as new, yet the business of the drama is conducted with

so much judgment, that we cannot but esteem this very pleasing comedy as little inferior to the best of COLMAN'S productions. The character of *Wingrave*, an undertaker, seems borrowed from *Sable*, in STEEL'S "*Funeral*;" and although he fell short of his ingenious precursor, Mr. COLMAN to a certain degree succeeded in producing mirth from a subject the most serious that can be contemplated. The quarrelling scene between the *poet* and the *player* is taken from "*Joseph Andrews*," and the duel from the "*Coxcomb*" of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Mr. C. KEMBLE, who personated *Tobine*, gave a most faithful picture of the dissolute tradesman. *Ranter*, the player, by TAYLEURE, was most cleverly done, as was also the poet *Catchpenny*, by WILLIAMS—between them, the quarrel scene was rendered most laughable. Mr. TERRY, as *Tabby*; Mr. WEST, as *Squib*; and Mrs. CHATTERLEY, as *Nancy*, were every thing that could be wished. A curious affair happened in the last act. *Wingrave*, (announced to be performed by OXBERRY) never appeared!—the worthy undertaker was *missing*! At the conclusion, much disapprobation was expressed, until his appearance in the "*Bill of Fare*"—the clamour then increased, when he stepped forward, and thus addressed the house, in a somewhat embarrassed manner:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I cannot but be conscious of the cause of your disapprobation. I have been fourteen years before the public, and till this present moment never met with your disapprobation. In the play of "*The Suicide*" I had to appear in the last scene—I did not know the piece consisted of only four acts. I was walking in the park studying a part in which I am to seek your approbation on Saturday. I arrived at the theatre—the last scene was on. Ladies and Gentlemen, I must beg pardon—your approbation I have ever felt. I feel—I—I—[Loud applause.—Mr. O. clapping his hand on his breast, &c.]

21.—Mrs. W. CLIFFORD, from the Norwich Theatre, made her first appearance before a London audience as *Mrs. Haller* in the "*Stranger*," and was welcomed with the most decided approbation. Her person, which is well formed, is above the middle size; her features are pleasing, and capable of much expression; her voice powerful, well

regulated, and harmonious ; and her pronunciation correct and distinct. She appears perfectly acquainted with the business of the stage, which she treads with much grace. Her success was truly flattering.

24.—LOVE LETTERS—[1st time.]—This musical farce is a translation from the French, and its chief merit lays in the simplicity of the plot, the natural turn of the incidents, and the smartness of the dialogue. A military officer, *Captain Valcour*, [LEONI LEE] setting out to join his regiment, arranges with his bride, *Emily*, [Mrs. GARRICK] whom he has married against her father's consent, to address his letters for her to her attendant *Lisette*, [Madame VESTRIS.] *Lisette*, it appears, has two lovers, *La fleur*, [JOHNSON] and *Frippont*, [OXBERRY.] The former, though poor, is preferred to the latter, who is a knavish, intriguing, mercenary lover—and who endeavours to ruin his opponent in the lady's affections, by resorting to various tricks of stealing and re-writing letters, which however fail of effect, for *Lisette* marries *La Fleur*. Marriage, however, does not end *La Fleur's* difficulties, for a letter from *Valcour* to his wife, addressed to *Lisette* for concealment, raises his jealousy, which is removed, and the piece terminates in the happiness of all but *Frippont*. Madame VESTRIS played and sung delightfully ; in fact, the part appears to have been entirely written for her. The songs are very pleasing ; a spirited and amusing duet between her and Mr. JOHNSON, was deservedly *encored*. The other actors added to the general effect, but the little thing has not been very successful.

July 2nd.—A Miss HART, from Bristol, made her *début* as *Miss Neville*, in "*She Stoops to Conquer*." There was little for her to do. She was well received.

3.—JOHN BUZZBY ; or, *A Day's Pleasure*—[1st time.]—This three act comedy is from the pen of Mr. KENNEY, and has been pretty successful. It is full of bustle, amusing situations, and droll incidents, all tending to no very important end. It is not of that species of composition whose chief object is to keep the attention upon the *qui vive* for an astounding denouement, though the plot is intricate enough to puzzle the most ingenious unraveller of a half told story. But it may be considered as a series of comic

anecdotes, well told, slightly dependant upon each other, with a sort of careless concatenation to a final end, when both audience and actors seem surprised that so many ludicrous scenes, but not unnatural circumstances, could be associated with an event of ordinary occurrence. It will be seen by the following sketch, that the story possesses abundant materials; indeed, its chief fault is that the incidents follow each other with such rapidity, that the parties are sometimes involved in an intricacy which renders it difficult to follow them. It is, however, a lively production, and the interest seldom flags.

John Buzzby, [TERRY] is a "citizen of credit and renown," whose soul rising occasionally above the envelopes of hosiery and haberdashery of his shop, and wishing to enjoy one day free from the troubles of an overwhelming wife, and an impertinent cockney step-son, *Natty Briggs*, [WEST] pretends a journey to Deptford on business, while in reality, he takes a stage coach trip to Richmond, for the pleasure of *basking* in the rural delights of that spot, which is all of *country* ever seen by many a Londoner. He has scarcely set foot on the Green, before he is accosted by *Julia*, a lady [Mrs. JOHNSTONE] a fellow-traveller in the stage with him from town, who solicits his protection in her search for the house of *Major Aubrey*—to whom, it subsequently appears, she has to make complaints of the injury her reputation has suffered from the conduct of his nephew, *Greville*, [JONES] a Captain in the same regiment, and between whom at a former period, an intimacy had subsisted, which led to the frequent interchange of letters. However, it appears, the young lady at the command of her parents, had dropped the correspondence, and had become the wife of *Captain Anderson*, but *Greville* had not only refused to give back these letters, but even openly boasted, and had improperly shewn them, and which coming to her husband's ears had determined him to challenge *Greville*. The whole business and time of the comedy is embraced within the period of this walk to the Major's house; and the interest of the piece arises from *John Buzzby's* anxiety to know the business in which he is thus engaged—his fears that he is inveigled, by his kind-heartedness, into the office of a go-between, and the suspi-

cions of others that he is prosecuting a guilty amour of his own. These things together involve him in a maze of perplexity, quarrels, and imputations, that the quick sensibilities of the little hosier are almost goaded to distraction; and surely never was an author more fortunate in a representative of the principal and most original character in his play, than the writer of *John Buzzby* is in Mr. TERRY.

But there is an underplot (or, rather, a second plot) which must not be passed unnoticed. *John Buzzby's* wife, [Mrs. PEARCE] son, and ward, *Cecilia*, [Miss BOYCE] thinking Mr. B. safe in Kent, determine also on a joyous expedition, and unluckily to the very same place, viz. Richmond. *Cecilia* has a lover of her own choosing, an officer in the aforesaid regiment, but Mrs. B. determines that she and her fortune shall be bestowed on her own dear boy. In their ramble they obtain a glimpse of honest *John* gallanting the young incognita, and Mrs. B. becomes furious with jealousy. The fair ward meets her chosen lover; the husband of *Julia* comes from London on purpose to meet *Greville*, encounters him and challenges him; *Buzzby*, with the best intentions, gets embroiled with both in defence of *Julia*, he is equally also blamed by *Major Aubrey*, and every effort he makes for the good of others, involves him in some new trouble. However, *Mr. Jingle*, [OXBERRY] a facetious Richmond innkeeper, (who suffers no one to speak but himself) takes the liberty of reading an unfinished letter of *Greville's*, in which he had written for his pistols, and left open on his table, and not wishing to lose any of his customers, whether military or naval, he sets off to the *Major*; a general explanation takes place, and all parties being reconciled, a day of trouble is concluded with an evening of pleasure.

The dialogue of this piece possesses considerable smartness, and a happy vein of humour runs through the whole. TERRY'S *Buzzby*, (a character said to have been suggested by himself) possesses all that dry caustic humour in which he always excels; indeed he is so much at home, that we should consider the character was actually written to suit his powers. He was anxious, irritable, benevolent, eccentric, and amusing, with the greatest facility. To this gentleman and OXBERRY, the author is chiefly indebted for his

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success. Mrs. CHATTERLEY performed the innkeeper's daughter with spirit, although a part far below her talents, and WEST's *Natty* displayed much talent and truth to nature. The comedy was successful.

11.—PETER FIN; or, *A New Road to Brighton*.—[1st time.]—The plot of this piece is as follows:—

Mr. Fin, [LISTON] is a retired fishmonger, who has been left a large fortune by a humourist, who made war upon mankind for eating animal food; and *Peter* being less "in the commission of evil" in this respect than his brethren, as the "vegetable philosopher" thought, he bequeathed to him his goods and chattels, which, however, he is to forfeit if he sleeps under the same roof, or has the smallest intercourse with a nephew of the defunct, *Frederick Gower*, [JOHNSON] who, he erroneously fancies, had caricatured and turned him into ridicule. *Peter* accordingly settles with his daughter *Harriet*, [Mrs. GARRICK] near one of the squares, but having a strong desire to see the sea, he settles with a friend *Morgan*, [YOUNGER] who has returned from India, to accompany him thither. In the mean time, *Frederick*, (who has become heir to the philosopher) and his young friend *Turtleton*, [BAKER] (son of *Alderman Turtleton*, of Bedford Square) who was, in fact, the caricaturist, are laying a plan for *Frederick's* obtaining *Harriet* by dispossessing her father of the fortune left him. *Turtleton* overhears that *Morgan* will be unable to go to Brighton himself with *Fin* and his daughter, but that *Bounce*, (*Morgan's* agent) shall be ready with a chaise to take them down. On this, *Turtleton* assumes the character of *Bounce*, resolved to bring *Fin* into a situation where he must forfeit the provisions of the will by eating at the same board, and sleeping under the same roof, with *Frederick*, and thus put it in his friend's power to claim *Harriet's* hand. *Turtleton's* plan is something like that in "*She Stoops to Conquer*,"—he drives the fishmonger and his daughter round London, and at night lands him at his father's house in Bedford Square, where *Peter* imagines himself at a marine villa of the *French Marquess*, in Brighton. Here he eats and sleeps where *Frederick* does, who represents the *Marquess*—sniffs, as he imagines, the sea air—listens with delight to the conceived distant roar—

ing of the billows, which he very justly compares to the "noise of fish carts of a morning going to Billingsgate." At length, the whole truth comes out, and he finds himself in Bedford Square instead of Brighton, and his fortune forfeited, which, however *Frederick* exchanges for the hand of his beloved *Harriet*.

A Mr. JONES, of Edinburgh, is said to be the author. The plot is defective and very tedious. To say that *Liston* played the fishmonger, is saying every thing—nothing can displease an audience when he is on the stage—he was the chief support of the piece. It was announced for repetition with a mixture of disapprobation and applause, but it has since been several times repeated.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

July 1st.—This house opened its doors for the season this evening; without having undergone the least embellishment whatever before the curtain. We really think it has never been once renovated since its erection. A parsimony much misplaced, where every thing on the stage appears to be conducted with a most liberal band. The company is the best the theatre has possessed for a length of time, and consists of the most admired favourites. The performances for the night of commencement were, a new piece called "*LOVE AMONG THE ROSES; or, the Master Key*"—the "*Miller's Maid*"—and the "*Vampire*!"—the first of which only demands our attention. It is a bustling, light, pleasing, and smart little affair, from the pen of Mr. BEAZLEY. The plot is as follows:—

Sharpset, [WRENCH] the manager of a strolling company, and fifty other luckless things besides, takes refuge from bailiffs in a garden, of which he finds the *Master Key*. He there discovers two lovers, *Edmund*, [J. BLAND] nephew of *Captain Gorgon*, [BARTLEY] and *Rose*, [Miss CAREW] daughter of *Alderman Marigold*, [BENNETT.] *Sharpset* encourages the lovers to pursue their own purposes, and offers to cover their retreat by disguising himself as *Captain Gorgon*, (who had refused his consent to their marriage) impose upon the *Alderman*, give a pretend-

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ed agreement to the wedding, and by so doing, remove all obstacles.

At this moment the *Captain* himself arrives, post haste from Plymouth, to confirm his opposition to the match. *Sharpset* then resolves to present himself as the *Alderman*, who is fortunately still absent, and the young lady so wins upon the old sailor, that he at length gives his full consent to the wedding. Before this can be accomplished the *Alderman* returns, and an equivoque, full of bluster and passion ensues; but a subsequent explanation puts all matters to rights in a marriage festival.

The music is very creditable to the taste of Dr. KITCHENER, whose ambition seems to be rising from pots and frying-pans to flutes and piano-fortes, from the cooking kitchen to the music room. Miss CAREW delighted us in the heroine, and Mr. J. BLAND, from the Newcastle theatre, (son of Mrs. BLAND) who made his *debut* in the lover, has a sweet voice, and a better knowledge of acting than generally belongs to vocalists.

2.—Miss CLARA FISHER, that little prodigy of premature talent, appeared in the character of *Crack*, in the "*Turnpike Gate*," and as the representative of six different characters in the "*Actress of all Work*." We shall not enter at present into an extended account on this excellent little actress, as we have a criticism on her performances in preparation for our next, when we shall pay them strict attention.

2.—Mr. POWER, (late of the Olympic) made his appearance as *Robert Maythorn*, and was well received.

10.—ALL IN THE DARK; or, *The Banks of the Elbe*.—This opera is attributed to Mr. PLANCHE, author of the "*Vampire*." It is a trashy affair, and has but little claim to originality, as it is evident the story is taken from MORTON'S "*Henri Quatre*," and the last scene "*All in the Dark*") is a wretched imitation of the discovery in "*The Trip to Dover*," there were however two or three good situations towards the conclusion, which produced some effect—but it will not add one iota to Mr. PLANCHE'S reputation. The plot is as follows:—

Two young officers, *Steinbach* and *Blumenthal*, are respectively engaged to two young ladies, the former to the

sister of the latter, and *vice versa*. *Steinbach* discovering that *Blumenthal* has involved himself in pecuniary embarrassments, arising, as he supposes, from gambling debts, refuses to sanction his marriage. They fight in consequence ; their superior officer is informed of the affray ; and, in the alarm of the moment, both fly from their quarters. In the hurry of departure each happens to take with him the commission, passports, and papers of the other ; and, in order to avoid suspicion, each assumes the name of the other. *Steinbach* arrives at Miessen, attended by his valet. From the communicative disposition of *Madel*, he learns that he is within half a league of the chateau of *Baron Von Braunschweig*, who is *Blumenthal's* uncle, and soon after, the baron comes to the inn to breakfast. Among other things he speaks of his nephew, whose arrival is momentarily expected. *Madel* informs him that his nephew is in the house ; at least *Blumenthal* was the name the young officer went by. The fictitious nephew is accordingly introduced, and the uncle, not having previously seen him for several years, receives him with the most cordial feeling, and finds him exceedingly like the family. At the chateau a new danger awaits him, for there he meets *Rosa*, his mistress, and the sister of *Blumenthal*. She, however, by a little adroitness, manages the first interview ; an explanation follows : with the advice and assistance of *Madel*, who is taken into *Rosa's* service, they contrive to conceal the mystery from the baron. The real *Blumenthal* soon arrives. The plot thickens with every art of contrivance to evade discovery, lest the safety of either should be endangered by the intervention of the landwehr. Their precautions, however, do not extend to love engagements, and, as *Sophia* happens to be on a visit to her friend *Rosa*, the two gentlemen being reconciled by proper explanations, they all agree to set off to Dresden to get married. The plan comes to the uncle's ears ; he catches them on the point of elopement ; but the whole of the circumstances having been, in the mean time, communicated to the baron by letters from head-quarters, and pardon having been duly obtained for the culprits, he saves them the trouble of going to Dresden, by agreeing to the double marriage.

The music is by Mr. B. LIVIUS, is pleasing, although not

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equal to that of his "*Maid and Wife*." The overture is tastefully arranged; and the finale happy. The acting throughout was excellent; Miss CAREW's singing was enchanting—and a duet between her and Miss POVEY deserved the encore it obtained. WILKINSON did all that he could do; but he had little opportunity to do any thing. Miss KELLY, whose powers seem to increase every time we behold her, gave astonishing effect to a character originally but feebly imagined. A dance was lugged head and shoulders into the second act, which we merely notice, in order to recommend some strict drilling to the *corps de ballet*—their struggles with the orchestra as to which should fix the time were fierce and frequent. Mr. BARTLEY gave the piece out for repetition with general applause.

12.—A Mr. DOUGLAS made his first appearance before a London audience as *Mingle*, in the "*Bee Hive*." He appears well calculated for such parts—has bustle—a good idea of farce—and seems fully acquainted with his profession. He looked the character excellently, and from this specimen of his talents, he may be considered as an acquisition to the establishment. His reception was favourable.

17.—"*Love in a Village*" this evening introduced a new candidate for fame in the person of a Miss LANGSHIRE, (or LANKSDEN) her first public appearance, pupil of Mr. J. WELCH. She is a singer of considerable cultivation and much future promise. Her voice in the lower notes is sweet and flexible, with great purity of intonation: and she possesses one of the chief ornaments of stage singing—a free and regular shake. But the attempt to rise above the natural compass of her voice was too often made, and too often unsuccessful. This is a point on which judicious tuition should interfere; and she should be taught that true power is not the result of obvious and painful effort. Her voice without it is sufficiently distinct in all parts of this small theatre, and one harsh and ill tuned note more than once checked the applause which awaited her. Her best song was in "*Love should there meet*,"—and in the duet with PEARMAN, of "*Together let us range the fields*," she executed her part with considerable effect, and was loudly *encored*. Altogether her *debut* was successful.

 MINOR DRAMA.

 SURREY THEATRE.

June 28.—**FORTUNES OF NIGEL**; or, *King James the First, and his Times*.—If this Theatre possessed no other claim upon our consideration, the simple fact that it has been the first to do the completest dramatic justice to the productions of the author of "*Waverly*," would alone entitle it to our highest esteem. Certainly no one, who has seen at this house the representation of the "*Heart of Mid Lothian*," and the other inimitable works of the modern SHAKSPEARE, can fail henceforth to associate in his mind the novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT, with the adaption of them at the Surrey Theatre. Doubtless it has been supposed by many, that in consequence of the secession of Mr. DIBDIN, this house was likely to lose entirely, or to have materially lessened, this, its distinguishing characteristic; but the decided ability with which the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" has been dramatized, must at once dissipate this groundless apprehension. We are proud to rank amongst the warmest admirers of the superior talents and industry of Mr. DIBDIN; and we are certain that this avowal will not be the less credited, because anxious to do justice to the merits of another adapter, (for we are now speaking of Mr. D. only in that character) we assure our readers, that on the present occasion, we experienced no want of that true dramatic *tact*, for which the writings of the latter have been so much admired. Since penning the above, we find that the public are indebted to Mr. EDWARD BALL for the present effort, and it certainly will not diminish the fame of the author of the "*Revenge of Taran*" and the "*Sybil's Warning*." Though several of our periodical censors in distributing their usual portions of criticism, have dealt rather severely with the "*Fortunes of Nigel*," yet as we have not the least doubt that it has been read as generally, and with as much pleasure as any of its predecessors, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of relating the plot; merely observing that the drama adheres strictly to its

prototype, that the principal events have been preserved, and that the pithy and powerful language of the original, has been most judiciously retained. We shall, therefore, proceed to the actors, and here we must observe, that the piece is well supported throughout, with a degree of powerful talent, seldom found congregated on the stage of a Minor Theatre.

Mr. BURROUGHS, as *Lord Nigel*, afforded still more conclusive evidence of the justice with which we pronounced him, in our last, to be one of the first minor tragedians of the day. The powerfully striking, yet chaste portrait, which he drew of the unfortunate Scots Nobleman, excited the admiration and sympathy of a crowded and respectable audience. In a performance like that of Mr. BURROUGHS, uniformly able as it was, it is a difficult task to point out particular portions, as entitled to peculiar praise. If we were to name any such, it would be the scene in which he combats with his treacherous and contemptible enemy, *Lord Dalgarno*, and the whole of his acting while resident at *Trapbois's*, where he finds refuge from his enemies, in the ancient sanctuary called *Alsatia*, in Whitefriars. (1)

(1) ALSATIA was a jocular name for a part of the city of London, near Fleet Street, properly called the White Friars, from a convent of Carmelites formerly there situated. In the year 1608, says an account of London, the inhabitants of this district obtained several liberties, privileges, and exemptions, by a charter granted them by King James I.; and this rendered the place an asylum for insolvent debtors, cheats, and gamblers, who gave to this district the name of *Alsatia*: but the inconvenience suffered by the city, from this place of refuge, at length caused it to be suppressed by law. SHADWELL's comedy of "*The Squire of Alsatia*" alludes to this place; and it is mentioned also by STEELE, where he says, that two of his supposed dogs (i. e. gamblers or sharpers) "are said to be whelped in *Alsatia*, now in ruins; but they," he adds, "with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious as if the old kennel had never been broken down."

The exertions of Mr. BENGOUGH, were spirited and efficient, and we wish that in our criticism of this useful performer, we could do him the perfect justice which he did to the character of *King James*. The pedant king stood before us exhibiting the varied and ludicrous qualities which rendered him so remarkable as a man, and so worthless as a monarch. While contemplating the strange figure, and listening to the uncouth jargon of this "*pink*" of sovereigns, the same delightful illusion which attended us while perusing the novel, again influenced our imagination, and we conceived ourselves transported back into the spirit-stirring scenes of other times. Mr. BENGOUGH's assumption of condescending majesty, when (without knowing the name or quality of his petitioner), he first discovers the "*Glen-warlochides*," on his knees, was finely contrasted with his laughable terrors, the moment the name was mentioned and the arms discovered. In one word, Mr. B's conception of the character was just, and his execution excellent; his carriage of his limbs was appropriate, his management of his voice clever, and all the other little *etceteras* which tend to the formation of a character well developed.

Of the *Trapbois* of Mr. BUCKINGHAM, it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient panegyric. Every one must have admired the felicitous truth to nature, with which Sir WALTER SCOTT has invested the character, and when we say that in Mr. BUCKINGHAM the miser found a representative fully capable of entering into the spirit of the author, we feel confident that we are awarding to this young and most promising actor only that meed of applause, which is indisputably his due. We have seldom seen a performance so equally excellent in all its parts; the consistency of the character was preserved with extraordinary ability, and Mr. B. never once forgot that he had to personate an aged, avaricious creature, who acknowledged but one God—his Gold; and but one mistress—his daughter. His interview with *Lord Nigel*, in which he never failed to remind him of the necessity of a "*small con-si-de-ra-tion*;" and the scene in which he creeps into his lordships apartment, at midnight, and possesses himself of the important paper, were masterly pieces of acting, as was also that in which he is murdered by robbers; here he gave a correct picture of "the ruling

passion strong in death."—Mr. GOMERY's personation of the benevolent goldsmith, was clever; and Mr. NICHOLSON's *Sir Mungo Malgrowther*, and WESTON's *Richie Moniplies*, were amusing. The other male characters were most respectably filled, with the exception of *Lord Dalgarno*, by Mr. COOKE, of whom, as we can say nothing good, will say nothing more.(1)

As it has been our pleasing duty to exhaust the language of encomium in the foregoing parts of this critique, what new terms of applause shall we invent, in which to speak of Miss P. GLOVER? This young lady's representation of *Margaret Ramsay*, was rich in present excellence, and still richer in the promise it displayed of future theatrical perfection. There was a charming *naïvété* about her manner, an expression in her eye, and a pathos in many of her tones, that often deeply affected, and invariably delighted us. We were charmed with the effective manner in which she replied to *Hermione*, [Mrs. EDEN] when dissuading her from encouraging her affection for *Lord Nigel*, on account of the inequality of their ranks:—"I can but smile to think how it should happen, that while rank makes such a difference between the humble and the mighty, that heaven should have fashioned us of one clay." Indeed the whole of the interesting colloquy between *Hermione* and *Margaret*, in the 2nd scene of the second act, was finely supported by the latter. She made all the spirited and eloquent speeches which are put into her mouth, tell powerfully upon her audience. She gave a beautiful and unaffected portrait of an empassioned creature, willing to sacrifice every thing to ensure the safety and the happiness of her lover; and altogether, her exertions warrant us in prophesying that her theatrical harvest of talent, and consequent fame, will—

"Not unbeseem the promise of her spring." BYRON.

Mrs. EDEN, as the *Lady Hermione*, shewed some talent, but we cannot help thinking that if she had infused a little more *feeling* into her acting, the effect produced would

(1) Mr. WAYLETT has since played the character with somewhat better effect.

have been heightened in proportion. The *Martha Trapbois* of Miss BENCE, was well performed, and the sway which her lofty and generous spirit had obtained over the mean and grovelling disposition of her father, was forcibly depicted, and particularly so in her management of the cunning hoarder, after *Nigel* had discovered him in his apartment. Mrs. WESTON contributed some amusement as Mrs. *Suddlechop*, and Miss GLOVER, as Mrs. *Christie*, rendered an unimportant character tolerably interesting.

The scenery excited warm and general approbation, and this was particularly attracted by the *Miser's Chamber and Gallery by Moonlight*, in act 2nd, and *Greenwich Park and a Cavern near Enfield*—but these were far exceeded by the *Sanctuary in Whitefriars*, and *Ramsay's House near St Dunstan's Church*, in 1622; in these two last, the broad shades of colouring and selection of objects, remind us of some of the best pictures of the Flemish School. In conclusion, we beg to bestow our sincere and hearty commendation, on all those connected in producing the drama—and those who by their portraiture have added to its general and interesting effect. (1)

THE ARMISTICE.—This petite historical burletta, (in one scene) founded on an anecdote related of the CHEVALIER

(1) IMPROMPTU

ON THE SUCCESS OF THE ABOVE PIECE.

The "*Fortunes of Nigel's*," a fortunate piece,
 (Dame Fortune's again at the Surrey;)
 The parties to see it still nightly increase,
 To get in they're all of a hurry.
 But this I must say, that success it does owe
 To the talents of gentlemen three;
 Should any feel anxious, 'tis easy to know—
 The initial of each is a B.
 But should this prove hard with respect to the same,
 (Though the learned I hope will not scoff)
 I'll expound;—each cognomen is well known to fame,
 'Tis BUCKINGHAM, BURROUGHS, BENGOUGH.

W. R.

BAYARD, possesses for its short duration a considerable degree of dramatic interest and effect. It consists in the love of a Miller's daughter, *Ninnette*, for *Eugene*, a young soldier of *Bayard's*, who had been taken prisoner, and had eventually entered into the German Corps, to favour an escape when practicable. The *millar*, on the eve when the piece opens, expects an acquisition to his domestic affairs, in the person of a servant man named *Peter Smink*, who is hourly looked for. During this—an old commandant is despatched from the German army, with an *Armistice* to the French general, for a truce of six hours; but on his arrival at the camp, the *Chevalier* is no where to be found, and he returns disappointed of his intended mission. In the mean time, it appears, the *Chevalier* [BENGOUGH,] is travelling through the enemies districts, disguised as a *Miller's Man*, for the purpose of reconnoitering; suspicions are excited as to his real name and character, and he arrives at the *Miller's* door exhausted by fatigue and hunger. *Hantz* receives him as his expected servant, which mistake is favoured by the *Chevalier*, and he is treated accordingly. This transient rest, is, however, broken in upon by the appearance of the real *Peter Smink*, between whom and his counterpart, there is a laughable contest as to their several identity's, and their respective titles to the enviable cognomen. During this altercation, a circular is despatched to the existing authorities, warning the inhabitants against affording shelter to the *Chevalier Bayard*, who is represented in the concealment of a *Millers* dress. *Hantz* considers the last new comer, as the person named; and touched by his heroic bravery, determines not to deliver him up. The *Chevalier* is, however, discovered by *Eugene*, but he is commanded to silence. The *Commandant* arrives, the treaty is signed clandestinely, and he is disappointed of the intended glory, which would have resulted, in taking so illustrious an enemy prisoner, through his "*intelligence and capacity.*" The piece concludes with the union of *Eugene* and *Ninnette*. Mr. BENGOUGH enacted the *Chevalier* with much spirit, and Miss GLOVER was interesting as *Ninnette*. WESTON gave a hearty representation of the *Miller*, and BUCKINGHAM was inimitably ludicrous, as the real *Peter Smink*. Mr. MILDENHALL, as the *Commandant*,

from whose "intelligence and capacity," much might be expected, but no good results—also deserves his share of applause. We cannot conclude, without observing on the excellence of the scene, *A Farm, Distant Country, and Water Mill*, painted by TOMKINS, which is worthy of the theatre, and of the artists acknowledged abilities.

July 8th.—The OGRESS ! or, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*.—This burlesque, (which did not appear to be at all relished by the audience) introduced that prince of odd fellows, WYATT, after a long absence. The piece had so little to recommend it to notice, that even all his ludicrous actions and exertions could not save it from condemnation. It was withdrawn after the third representation.

15.—The THREE FISHERMEN; or, *The Box, the Fish, and the Genii*.—A new harlequinade thus entitled, has been produced at this house, and seems likely to have a tolerably successful run. This "combined, curious, and comic pantomime," as it is comically enough called in the bill, possesses the extraordinary attractions of *three Harlequins, three Clowns, three Pantaloons, and three Columbines* ! The three opening scenes, which consist of the *Abodes of the Fishermen—the Exterior of a mystic Cavern*—and an *Illuminated Cavern of Enchantment*, are of course, in the usual pantomimic style as to invention, but are by no means deficient in scenic beauty. The tricks, &c. could not boast of much originality, but they were well selected and cleverly executed. Scene 4th—Fish Street Hill and the Monument claimed particular admiration, and the nocturnal disturbances which are here represented elicited frequent and universal roars of laughter and applause. The running off with the Monument naturally delighted an overflowing gallery, by whom this practical illustration of an old joke could not fail to be heartily relished ; and the musical examination and defence which followed, possessed a vivacity and spirit which more than atoned for its paucity of sterling wit, a quality it would be absurd to expect in a piece of this description. The animated figures in the 6th Scene, which are made to dangle in the Newgate fashion from the ceiling for a few moments, and are then (to carry on the simile) *dropped* upon the stage, performed their parts with a deal of *sang froid*, and gave general satis-

faction. Our detailed criticism of the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" compels us to a brief notice of this piece, we cannot therefore enter into any description of the merits of the various scenes, and will only assure our readers, that they are of a nature to amuse and interest every legitimate child of Momus. In Scene 9, a duet between *Pantaloön*, and a singing friend, (i.e. a very imposing and majestic *tea-kettle*) produced some effect—and the satire which the keener-witted portion of the audience found, or fancied they discovered, in this exhibition, doubtless increased that effect, and assisted in exciting the approbation which attended the efforts of both these extraordinary musicians. A magazine of experimental drollery was opened in Scene 10; and the dexterous manner in which the "*Clown eased the baker's shop*," &c. formed by no means the least entertaining portion of the pantomime. In Scene 11th, the most attractive beauty was BRADBURY'S *crutches*; but, (though differing from the majority of the house,) we must confess that we thought the exhibition rather *lame*. Scene 12, which the eloquent writer of the bill not inappropriately styles "a cutting, bumping, and thumping scene," formed a spirited conclusion—and in the thirteenth, "all the characters made their bow to the audience in the temple of Folly." Though it would be a violation of the truth to say that we have never seen a better pantomime, we can conscientiously aver that we do not recollect any production of the kind, that upon the whole, gave us more pleasure. The performers exerted themselves with indefatigable zeal and astonishing activity, and the audience, which was at once numerous and respectable, seemed eager to repay their exertions by plaudits the loudest and the most sincere. Messrs. KIRBY, PAULO, and BRADBURY, as *Clowns*, increased their fame by their feats on this occasion; Messrs. RIDGWAY, ELLAR, and AULD, performed the three *Harlequins* with their usual ability; and Messrs. BLANCHARD, BARTLETT, and BRUNTON, obtained much applause as *Pantaloons*. The *Columbines* of the Misses COOKE, LEWIS, and VALLANCEY, were distinguished by graceful agility, and their elegant forms were seen to much advantage in several of the dances. We cannot conclude without complimenting the proprietor upon the enterprising spirit which he has evinced in the getting up of this pantomime, and are

happy in congratulating him upon the fair prospects which his nightly extensive audiences hold out of his being fully recompensed for his liberality.

25.—ZENALDI ; or, *St. Mark's Day*.—Mr BURROUGHS seems determined to outdo all his rivals in the production of novelties, though we think he had no present occasion whatever, for a change while the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" and the *Pantomime* draw such overflows as have attended their performance. For the present piece we can spare but few words. The plot is intricate. The hero of the piece [H. KEMBLE] is imprisoned for some offence done to the secret tribunal of Venice—from this bondage he is released through the medium of *Vincenzio*, [COOKE] once his greatest enemy. He is again re-captured—and on his subsequent confinement, discovery of a long lost son, and release, the whole plot turns. The actors sustained their various characters excellently, particularly Mr. BENGOUGH, as *Roberti*, the gouty old jailor, who pourtrayed the testy and irascible feelings of a man worn with remorse and disease, with great judgment and effect. H. KEMBLE, as *Zenaldi*, who made his first appearance, played with considerable energy, and indulged himself in but little of that "tearing passion into tatters," to which he has been lately too much accustomed. Mr. BLANCHARD played *Lorenzo*, his son, and if he would always act with the same feeling, and refrain from seeking the applause of the galleries, he would become a greater favourite with us. Mr. WYATT, as *Urbino*, a Gondolier, seemed to revel in the strong gusts of laughter his comicalities drew from the audience. Mr. COOKE was very respectable as *Vincenzio*, as was also Mr. RIDGWAY. Several combats between the latter gentleman, Mr. BLANCHARD and Signor PAULO were much relished by the house. Some part of the scenery, consisting of Venetian views, by TOMKINS, was as usual, beautiful. The announcement for its repetition was greeted with great applause.

COBOURG THEATRE.

July 8th.—GILDEROY, *the Bonnie Boy*.—We think this may not be unaptly termed the Scottish era of the English

stage—for since the great Caledonian novelist has enriched our literary cabinets with his delightful effusions, our theatres from highest to lowest have teemed with nothing but “*Rob Roy's*”—“*Antiquary's*”—“*Guy Mannering's*”—“*Hero's of Scotland*”—*Kelpies*, *Black Dwarfs*, *Highlanders*, *Reivers*, *Pirates*, and *Freebooters* of all sorts, sizes, descriptions, and denominations, until the “*line*” has nearly “*stretched to the crack of doom.*” Indeed, so universal has this fondness for Scotch melo-dramas become, that we are almost astonished at the genius which can have given rise to such an universal favouritism. Previous to the time of Sir WALTER SCOTT, a Caledonian melo-drama was indeed a novelty, but since then, some dozens have made their appearance, and even now, each new northern production is seized with as much avidity for dramatic purposes as ever, and generates as much anxiety, and nightly overflowings, as if an Highland plaid had not made its appearance these hundred years. The chief cause of this fondness, (which does not seem at present very likely to outlive the public approval) may be attributed to the patriotic and generous sentiments which are generally to be found in the mouths of these Scottish heroes and heroines, and the interesting situations these pieces usually afford to both author and actor. The great celebrity also which the pictures of the northern artist have attained, in consequence of the mystery which enfolds the painter, is another of the causes which tend to this general partiality—let but the curtain drop, and we are inclined to think the public appetite will cease its cravings, and the impetus which now urges both old and young, will then cease, or at least receive a considerable check.

The present melo-drama, although not avowedly founded on the works of “the Great Unknown,” may be termed “a thing of shreds and patches,” culled from the whole of them, with some selections from former pieces by the same adapter (Mr. W. BARRYMORE) as the “*Red Reiver*”—“*The Gregarach*,” &c. performed at Astley's a season or two ago—it is neither the best nor the worst of the class to which it belongs; in fact, in some parts it is tolerably interesting. It pourtrays some of the most daring adventures and exploits of *Gilderoy*, a notorious freebater, particularly

his release of *Walter Logan*, an old Scottish chieftain, who has been taken prisoner and confined by the Protector's army, and whose daughter *Jeannie* is his intended bride. She consents on condition that her father shall be restored safely to her arms. This he performs by gaining admittance to the prison, and murdering the jailor. However, when safely restored, *Logan* refuses his consent to his daughter's nuptials with an outlaw, and commands her never to mention him again. After this, the old man again falls into the hands of the Southerners and is condemned to death, unless an enormous ransom be paid within a certain time. *Gilderoy*, for whose capture a reward of ten thousand pieces has been offered, undertakes to pay the forfeit by delivering himself up on condition, that the seven thousand marks which is the sum required for *Logan's* release, be taken, and the remaining three thousand given to his daughter. This is accepted, but at the moment of his being led off to death, his trusty followers at a given signal, rise from "brake, bush, and fell," and by their numbers overpower the enemy, and rescue their chief, who receives the hand of *Jeannie* from *Logan*, as a reward for his gallant behaviour.

Miss TAYLOR (*Jeannie*) played her part with considerable judgment—but her voice grows extremely disagreeable, and the unpleasant hysterical catch of her breath, which we have before earnestly advised her to correct, has, we fear, grown so habitual, that no effort she can now make will totally eradicate it. It spoils her otherwise good acting. Her best scene is that in the snow-storm, where benumbed and nearly frozen with cold, she sees her lover—she endeavours to speak, but cannot, and drags her almost inanimate frame after him through the snow, with an expiring energetic endeavour—he neither hears nor observes her—and her limbs failing her she sinks exhausted, following him with a look of imploring supplication and fearful despair that is indescribable. Of H. KEMBLE'S *Gilderoy*, we can only observe, that it was in the old monotonous track. GOMERSAL was spirited in the somewhat repulsive character of the father. HARWOOD, as *Sergeant Skewer'em*, a cowardly soldier; BEVERLEY, as *Baillie M'c Nab'em*, a character like the Vicar of Bray; and SLOMAN, as *Andrew*

Clout'em, a drunken carpenter, were laughable to a degree. The others, (with the exception of Mr. SMITH, as the *Jailor*) are beneath notice. The Scenery was pretty good, particularly a snow scene in the Highlands, and an ancient Scotch town, by moonlight. The piece has been very successful.

8.—Mr. GRIMALDI made his appearance on these boards in a pantomime of his own invention, called the "*SALMAGUNDI*; or, *Clown's dish of All Sorts*," performed some time since at Sadler's Wells, and appears likely from his reception, to become a *standing dish* at the Cobourg—for since his *debut* nothing but pantomime has been the order of the day. The house has overflowed nightly to that degree in consequence of his performance, that half-price could not be taken! He is said to receive £30. per week.

15.—DISPUTES IN CHINA; or, *Harlequin and the Hong Merchants*.—A new pantomime was produced this evening (introducing Mr. GRIMALDI and his Son, as rival Clowns) in order, we suppose, in some degree, to counterbalance the magnet of attraction produced on the same evening at the Surrey; but it possessed very little novelty to recommend it.

22.—IDA AND CARELIA; or, *The Amazon Sisters*.—This is an old piece, performed some three years since at Astley's, by Mr. BARRYMORE, called "*The SISTERS*; or, *The Heroines of Switzerland*." The present piece introduced Mrs. W. BARRYMORE, and Miss BLAKE, (who played *Captain Macheath* with eclat at the Haymarket last season) as the two sisters. The two characters gave great scope to their talents, and they were much applauded by a most crowded house.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

Here has been no novelty in the dramatic way since our last notice, (with the exception of a truly stupid piece, entitled "*Sir Albert the Bold, and Sir Hildred the Black*.") The "*Blood Red Knight*"—" *Gil Blas*"—and various other well established pieces, have brought as crowded houses, equally as they would have done, had they been spick and span new productions. To these have been added some as-

tonishing feats on the Slack Rope, by the celebrated JUAN BELLINCK, the American phenomenon, (known on the Continent by the name of *Le Diable Superbe*) and his sable family ; feats by the Voltiguers, and numerous other accessories, which, together with the never failing attractions of the horses, cause such nightly overflows, that we cannot expect much novelty on the stage. Mr. C. DIBDIN is, we understand, stage manager.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

The season has hitherto been most auspicious to the interests of this delightful resort of beauty, nobility, and fashion ; in fact, we think that never since this charming retreat was converted into gardens, has it experienced greater success. The Vauxhall Calendar is like the Roman Catholic Calendar—it abounds in *red letter days*, and we are always enjoying a *fête*. It is in one of the *Tales of the Genii*, but which of them we do not now recollect, that the imagination is charmed with the description of an adventurer, who after passing through several gloomy scenes, suddenly finds himself in a garden filled with trees, whose fruit is diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and every sort of precious stone of radiant and enchanting brightness. What is there presented to the imagination, is here, as it were, realized, and in a most surprising manner brought before the sight. It appears indeed one of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*—a *dream*, more than a real exhibition. No country, by the unanimous consent of all foreigners, has produced any thing of the kind so fascinating as our *Vauxhall*. The fire-works during the past month, have been upon the grandest scale imaginable ; indeed there seems to exist a spirit of rivalry amongst the three celebrated pyrotechnics, SOUTHBY, HENGLER, and MORTRAM, which ultimately must lead them to the highest point of excellence in their art. The music of various descriptions in all parts of the gardens, gives a life to the scene which animates and pervades the multitudes which nightly crowd them. Should St. Swithin *smile* on their endeavours, (and which of late he appears much inclined to do) the managers will enjoy a meed equal to their deserts.

A grand gala was given on July 19, in commemoration of his Majesty's Coronation. At five o'clock in the morning, a flag was hoisted from the top of the orchestra, and a royal artillery salute of twenty-one guns was fired at one. By ten in the evening, the gardens were thronged to excess. The illuminations on this occasion were more brilliant than usual—ten thousand additional lamps were arranged into various appropriate devices. The different national flags of Europe waved from the trees; transparencies of his Majesty appeared in several places, and his bust was erected in the orchestra. The fire-works were ingeniously contrived to play around a portrait of the king in the shape of variegated temples and other fanciful forms; discharging at the same time a regular salute of guns—now the horizon was in a conflagration with the bursting of bombs; now the rockets seemed to hang as lamps in the very zenith, and then break down in shivering fragments like showers of stars. There were also a submarine cave, a new theatre of arts, water works, and various other attractions to those usually displayed, which formed a *coup d'œil* never yet surpassed. The various groupings of beauty, fashion, and splendour, were delightful, and baffled description or picture; the sense of enjoyment that beamed upon the countenances of all was enchanting, while ladies eyes

“ Like Winter stars in the blue skies,
Countless and bright shone forth.”

Morning, envious morning, dawned at last—

“ And ne'er before did morning break,
And find such brilliant eyes awake,
As those that sparkled there.”

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

The want of a good company of performers has long been felt and regretted by that portion of the dramatic world who are either visitors or inhabitants of Cheltenham;

the evil is at length obviated, and with the select company we have at present under the judicious management of Messrs. ABBOTT and FARLEY, we may safely challenge competition with any provincial theatre in the kingdom. The house opened on Tuesday, July 2, under the patronage of Captain FLETCHER WELCH, (the High Sheriff) with an occasional Address spoken by Mr. ABBOTT—after which, SHERIDAN's comedy, the "*School for Scandal*." The characters were effectively cast and ably supported; Mr. LOVE-DAY, as *Sir Peter Teazle*; Mr. ABBOTT, as *Charles*: and Mr. CONNOR, as *Joseph Surface*—with FARLEY, as *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, were highly applauded, and delighted the audience in their respective characters; and our old favourite WOULDs, (from the Theatre Royal, Bath) as *Crabtree*, lost none of that reputation he has so deservedly acquired. The minor characters were well supported; of the ladies we say nothing, truth denies praise, and gallantry forbids censure. The play was followed by the laughable farce of the "*Irishman in London*," in which CONNOR, as *Murtoch Delany*, and FARLEY, as *Edward*, kept the house in a continued roar. On Thursday, July 4, the house was crowded to excess to witness the representation of "*Henri Quatre*," by those amateurs who have so frequently graced the boards of our theatre, and with such well-merited approbation. The part of *Henri* was sustained by Colonel BERKELEY, whose full-toned voice, majestic appearance, and splendid dress, independent of his qualifications as an actor, induced the audience to acknowledge with thunders of applause that he looked and acted "*aye every inch a king*." Captain AUGUSTUS BERKELEY performed *Eugene de Biron*, which romantic character could not well have found a better representation. *Jocrisse* was played by Major DAWKINS—those who have seen that gentleman in the prig of a doctor, will ready acknowledge his qualification to stir the mirth of the audience in any part he may assume. *Pinceau* found a representative in Mr. BANKS, whose face is sufficient at any time to set the whole house in a roar. ABBOTT, as *Frederick St. Leon*, and CONNOR, as *O'Donnel*, are doubtless well known to the generality of your London readers; but we now come to FARLEY, as *Moustache*, who really was excellent—the plain and gruff manners of the

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old veteran, were ably and strongly portrayed, and the scene where *Eugene* is brought in prisoner—the struggle between affection and duty—the distracted manner in which he rushes from the dungeon when he finds the prisoner has not returned, and joy at his sudden re-appearance—his exclamation of “Oh, I am so happy,” and the apparent agony which rends his frame as he continues “No—I am so miserable!” will long be impressed on the minds of those who had the happiness of witnessing it. Miss FORDE, as *Florence St. Leon*, was highly applauded, and in the duet of “*My pretty Page*,” with Miss GLADSTAINES, tumultuously encored. Miss MELVIN was respectable as *Clotilda de Biron*, and Mrs. WOULDs charming as ever in the gay *Louison*. The play was succeeded by the admired farce of “*Husbands and Wives*,”—*Captain Tickall*, by Colonel BERKELEY, and *Sir Peregrine Percy*, by Mr. BANKS;—the other characters were sustained by the regular company, and though it is wrong to particularise where the merit of all is so apparent, we cannot help noticing the excellent manner in which *Clover* was performed by Mr. LOVEDAY, and the ludicrous way in which WOULDs, as *Humphrey Gubb*, continually reminded us of his pain in the back.—*Lady Peerly*, by Mrs. CONNER—and *Rose Briarly*, by Mrs. WOULDs, were very good, and Mrs. HARLOWE, as *Dame Briarly*, (first appearance) excellent; the performance altogether was delightful, and indeed seldom have the theatrical amusements of an evening passed off with so much *eclat*. When the curtain fell, (which by-the-bye is a most elegant one, painted by GRIEVE) Mr. ABBOTT advanced, and said, that at the particular request of several parties of distinction, who from the crowded state of the theatre had not been able to gain admittance, he had prevailed on the Amateurs to perform another evening, and that on Saturday, July 8, would be again represented the grand historical romance of “*Henri Quatre*,” the disposition of characters as before; the evening’s entertainments to be concluded by the laughable farce of the “*Mayor of Garratt*.” *Jerry Sneak* by the Amateur who performs *Henri*.

P.S. Rumour says, “*Tom and Jerry*” is to be got up during the race week—several young Bloods are already in

training to keep it up after quitting the theatre ; unfortunately the establishment of Charley's broke up in the Spring, but their cubs remain.

Cheltenham, July 12, 1822.

E. M.

EDINBURGH THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

Pursuant to the intimation (in your last number), I wield, with much pleasure, my "*Critic's quill*," not forgetting that,

The little instrument I now employ,
May prove a mischief, or at best a toy;
A trifle, if it move but to amuse,
But if to wrong the judgment, or abuse,
Worse than a poniard, in the vilest hand,
It stabs at once the morals of the land.

Without further exordium, Mr. Drama, I shall commence my observations on the Metropolitan Theatre of Scotia. I have already explained how incompetent a Londoner is to form an *unprejudiced* estimate of a Provincial Theatre. For instance, I expected little or nothing from the company at Aberdeen, and the consequence was, I was most agreeably surprised ; but so perverse are the general consequences of comparative estimation, that where I thought I was sure of finding *much*, (in Edinburgh,) I found but *little*, in fact 'tis a horizon, having but few *fix'd stars*, of any brilliancy above it—one indeed there is,—the constellation *Venus*, (Mrs. H. SIDDONS,) that makes amends for the absence of lesser lights, and with the aid of an occasional *star*, for instance a *comet* from London, whose orbit includes their circle, the Edinburgh "play going folks" fancy they enjoy a "*quantum sufficit*" of dramatic light. Mr. TERRY, our old friend, took the lead in some of the principal parts, both of comedy and tragedy ; it does not seem very certain whether nature intended this gentleman for the *Sock or Buskin*, but from his excellence in both, it would appear that in one of her merry moods—she gave him, (added to his own share of talent) the share of some-

body else: this is the more likely, since so many of his contemporaries, seem to have no share at all.

Mr. MURRAY, together with family interest, and a considerable portion of talent, holds a very respectable situation, (that of Manager), which he not only respectably, but very ably fills. Mr. FAULKNER, of the Haymarket Theatre, is a very judicious actor, and I have no doubt the management found him a very useful one; at all events his situation was no sinecure. Mr. MACKAY is in every sense of the word, the LISTON of Edinburgh, and on the stage, is the acknowledged High Priest of Momus, "That laughter loving god." His *Andrew Mucklestone*, ["*Warlock of the Glen*,"] *Laird of Dumbiedikes*, ["*Heart of Mid Lothian*,"] and his *Dominie Sampson*, have no rivals. The operatic department is the weakest in the establishment, a Mr. HUCKLE, is the only singer they have of any thing like respectability, and he would not hold a higher rank, in London, than about 3rd rate. During the several nights of my attendance, I never heard a bass singer at all, though much of what I did hear was *bass*. The Ladies always have my good word, or no word at all—of them I say nothing, save and except of Mrs. SIDDONS, who is one of those unimpeachable characters, that strives with virtuous and laudable zeal, to make her private excellence go hand-in-hand with her public character. I have only glanced at a few characters, and that very generally; conceiving to individualize, or to be too minute, would not suit the limited pages of your Magazine.

I am, yours, &c.

PETER PRY.

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good actors and sterling plays. The present company, on the whole, is a very good one, and indeed, I may say, a better has never been seen here. Foremost amongst its most efficient members stands MANSEL, the manager, who sustains the principal characters in light comedy, with considerable ability. DOWNE, in MUNDEN's line, is excellent; there is a chasteness in all his performances very rarely to be met with—and the correctness of his costume and bye play cannot be too highly commended. RAYNER also possesses talent, and in such characters as *Tyke*, *Tony Lumpkin*, and *Hawbuck*, is seen to great advantage. The season has had a most brilliant conclusion, and several of the performers made capital benefits. DOWNE gave us the "*Merchant of Venice*," and I must own, surprised me by his correct delineation of the character of *Shylock*, which is completely out of his line. MANSEL treated us with "*Wild Oats*,"—his *Rover* merits great commendation, it is at once gentlemanly and highly amusing. Should you think the few words I have written worthy of insertion in your excellent publication, I shall take an opportunity of troubling you still further.

I am, &c.

York, April 29, 1822.

DICKY GOSSIP.

TOWN TALK, No. VI.

LIMA THEATRICALS.—The theatre, at Lima, is open twice a week. It is the fashion there for the ladies to stand up in the front boxes, and smoke segars, which they light

are very beautiful; the colours, blue and white, with gilt mouldings. The scenery, (particularly the architectural part of it) is excellent, and reflects credit on the artist, Mr. THOMAS WILLIS, who travels with the company. The band is numerous and highly respectable. The regular season commences at the Spring Assizes; the house is also open at the races, and in the Summer Assize week. It will contain about £160. Prices of admission—Dress Boxes, 4s. Upper Boxes and Pit, 2s. 6d.—First Gallery, 1s. 6d. Upper do. 1s.

by the chandeliers. The brightest beauty is thus often obscured by a cloud of smoke, to the temporary regret of her admirers.

A benefit was given at the Birmingham theatre, (for the relief of the Irish) but the receipts fell short of the night's expenditure! Mr. BUNN, the proprietor, with great liberality, contributed twenty guineas as a private donation.

There has been a very strange story inserted in the police reports respecting a Mrs. B——, and her daughter Miss B——, the sister of a distinguished actress, particularly fond of *wearing the breeches*. We sincerely hope the facts are not correctly stated—a mother who could be base enough to dispose of a daughter's virtue for gain is a being repulsive to human nature.

Mr. KEAN has been playing at Birmingham. Mrs. BUNN, Mr. DANCE, and Mr. COOPER have also been there.

Preparations have been commenced for the erection of a new theatre on the same site of the one destroyed by fire in Philadelphia last year.

Mrs. GLOSSOP, late Miss FEARON, but better known by the appellation of the English CATALANI, it is said has returned to London from Italy, where she has been for some years improving and embellishing her wonderful voice under the first masters there. We have not heard where she intends coming forward and delighting the lovers of native talent.

It gives us great pleasure to be able to announce that Mr. ELLISTON has secured the assistance of Mr. DIBDIN, for his next campaign at Old Drury. The arrangement, we understand, also embraces the two following years. He has laid before the King the plan of the alterations in D. L. T. with which His Majesty is much pleased.

There are only four of the theatrical contemporaries of Mr. GARRICK living, viz. Mrs. HARTLEY, Mrs. MATTOCKS, Mr. WEWITZER, and Mr. QUICK; the youngest of whom has passed the 75th year.

VAUXHALL-GARDENS.—It was amusing, the other evening, to hear the various ways the promenaders pronounced that hard word *Heptaplasiesoptron*. When the time approached for it to be seen, some cried—

“Now for the *Hippee-plaister-on*!”

"Lauk ! let's see the *Hipple-sip-tron* !"

"I'm off for the *Hop-toe-la-see-soap-town* !"

"You'll be vastly struck with the *Hip-tea-see-sue-supp'd-on* !"

"Arrah ! what's *He-up-to-plase-ye-poltroon* ?"

"Poltroon ! Sir"—answered the person addressed—"I don't understand such language !"

"Nor I by the powers !"

"Then, how dare you use it, Sir ? Do you think yourself at Donnybrook Fair ?"

"What ! are you after casting reflections !"

"Hush, hush, Sirs"—cried an old pedantic looking gentleman, with a pair of green spectacles on his nose—"there are no *reflections* in the case, except those of the *Hep-tupla-sie-sop-tron* ! and very beautiful reflections they are."

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.—It would appear from the American newspapers, that theatrical talent is well rewarded in that part of the world. A New York paper of May 14, mentions, that a Mr. SIMPSON received from his benefit there "*two thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, and fifty cents*"—that is, about £600 !—and great numbers went away who could not get admission from want of room.

Mr. WALLACK is mentioned as having given an entertainment at the Philadelphi theatre, on May 13, consisting of *Readings, Recitations, Songs, Imitations, &c.* He was attended by a most numerous and fashionable audience, who were delighted by the "*versatility, and if we may use the term, the elasticity of his genius.*" He walks on crutches.

At Louisveile (Kentucky,) they have got Mr. COOPER "the great actor." It being understood that he was to perform only one night, there was such an anxiety to see him, that "*boxes of ten seats brought from sixteen to twenty dollars, and the house was full before sunset !*" Mr. C. from this success, was so wise as to repeat his performances for six nights more. He was caressed and feasted by the first citizens; and altogether netted eleven hundred dollars, (about £250) within the week, which sum he invested in *Whiskey*, as the best medium of remittance !

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